

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.

He hath beene in vnſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt laſt Night of the three veyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreate an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'ſt leysure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I loſe none,

In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchiſ'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,
She ſtrike vpon the Bell. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not ſatall Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.
Mine Eyes are made the foolles o'th' other Senſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccats Offerings: and wither'd Murder,
Alarm'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* raviſhing ſides, towards his deſigne
Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth
Heare not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now lutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the hear of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuities me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Heare, peace: it was the Owle that ſcriek'd,
The ſatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfered Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearken: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't,
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:

Didſt thou not heare a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry:
Did not you ſpeake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:
I flood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſſt them againe to ſleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had ſcene me with theſe Hangmans hands:
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought

After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murder Sleep, the innocent Sleep,
Sleep that knits vp the ravel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feaſt.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more to all the Houſe:
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke
So braine-fickly of things: Goe get ſome Water, And

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowſing till the ſecond Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equiuocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it lets him on,
and it takes him off; it perwades him, and diſ-heartens
him; makes him ſtand too, and not ſtand too: in conclu-
ſion, equiuocates him in a ſleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macd. I beleeeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too ſtrong
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges ſometime, yet I
made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,

I haue almoſt ſlipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited
ſeruiſe. *Exit Macduff.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruely:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combution, and confus'd Euent,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obſcure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night,
Some ſay, the Earth was ſeuorous,
And did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-peece:
Moſt ſacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and ſtole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you ſay, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maieſtie?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me ſpeake:

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Sec,

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould haue old turning the
Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himſelfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue
Napkins enow about you, here you'll ſweat for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſwaine in both
the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treafon
enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-
uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an Engliſh
Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe:
Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Goole. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Profeſſions, that
goe the Primroſe way to th' euerlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.